the company-not an ideal vision to dazzle the imagination in sight-nothing but every day, hard-working, matter-of-fact sort of people, whom we might all see in our usual walks, if our eyes were only sharp enough. Besides all this, the story lacks artistic completeness-the motives for special situations are not sufficiently unfolded-scenes and characters are introduced without any visible destiny-much is obscurely hinted at-too much is left in the

What then, is the secret of its strange fascination? By what spell does it hold the reader in breathless enchantment? The key to its power is the frightful naturalness of its character-drawing. The oddness of the incidents, it would almost seem, is used, with malice aforethought, to highten the reality of its passional revelations. The personages of the story, as we have said, are in the common line of life. There is no illusion about them to bewilder the fancy. But they are pictured forth with such prodigious force-made to stand out from the canvass with such marvellous truth of perspective-presented with such breathing vitality of feature and expressionthat they actually take possession of the reader, and will forever haust his memory as beings of real life.

In point of style, the best portions of Villette are not inferior to Jane Eyre. Its sharp terseness of expression cuts through every obstacle. Half a dozen words often do the duty of a hundred with ordinary writers. A single phrase opens fathomless mysteries of character. Everything is so simple, so quiet, so free from glaring colors, that you seem to be listening to a recital from living lips, rather than threading the pages of a studied narrative. One or two passages of fine bombastic writing, are of course exceptions to this remark; but they are no doubt introduced, like the strange incidents, to set off the prevailing simplicity of tone, by their unnatural contrasts.

But let us look a little more closely into the construction of " Villette." The heroine, Luey Snowe, who tells her own story, like Jane Eyre, is first presented to us at the residence of her godmother, in a pleasant old countryhouse in England. During an autumnal visit at this place, the scene is suddenly changed by the advent of a half fairy, half elfish child. whose debut in the quiet family circle is made the theme of two or three chapters. We have nothing better in the book than the talks of this little thing of six years, who, after her childish fancy has been touched with John Graham Bretton, a saucy boy several years older than berself, disappears from the scene, and we lose sight of her altegether until after the story has made great headway toward a crisis. Meantime, a mysterious change comes over the fortunes of Lucy Snowe. Eight years pass away. She is separated from her godmother, Mrs. Bretton, who has also suffered reverses. Lucy is cast upon herself. She must depend on her own efforts, for there is no one else to leok to. Her first step is to accept an offer from Miss Marchmont, a maiden lady, who had made proposals to Lucy to become her companion. As this little episode is complete in itself,

we give it as it stands.

Miss Marchmont was a woman of fortune, and lived in a handsome residence; but she was a rheumatic cripple, impotent foot and hand, and had been so for twenty gears. She always sat up stairs; her drawing room adjoined her bed-room. I had often heard of Miss Marchmont, and of her peculiarities, (she had the character of being very eccentric) but till now had sever seen her. I found her a furrowed, gray-haired woman, grave with solitude, stern with long afflictios, irritable also, and perhaps exacting. It seemed that a maid, or rather a companion, who had waited on her for some years, was about to be married; and she, hearing of my bereaved lot, had sent for me with the idea that I might supply this perron's piece. She made the proposal to me after tea, as she and I sat alone by her fireside.

"It will not be an easy life," said she candidly, "for I require a good deal of attention, and you will be much continued; yet, perhaps, contrasted with the existence were here, battely led it may among talerable.

you have lately led, it may appear tolerable

You have lately led, it may appear tolerable."

I reflected. Of course it ought to appear tolerable, I argued inwardly; but somehow, by some strange fatality, it would not. To live here, in this close room, the watcher of suffering, sometimes, perhaps, the butt of temper, through all that was to come of my youth; while all that was gone had passed, to say the least, not blissfully my heart sunk one moment, then it revived; for though I forced myself to realize evils, I think I was too procade to idealize, and consequently to exaggerate them.

"My doubt is whether I should have strength for the undertaking," I observed,
"That is my own scruple," said she; "for you look a

worn-out creature!"
So I did. I saw myself in the glass, in my mourning
dress, a faded, hollow-eyed vision. Yet I thought little dress, a faded, hollow-eyed vision. Yet I thought little of the wan spectacle. The blight, I believed, was chief by external: I still felt life at life's sources.

What else have you in view - say thing?"
Nothing clear as yet: but I may find something.

"So you imagine: perhaps you are right. Try your own method, then; and if it does not succed, test mine. The chance I have offered shall be left open to you for

wee kind. I toldher so, and expressed my grat This was kind. I toldher so, and expressed my gratitude. While I was speaking, a parxysm of pain came on. I ministered to her; made the necessary applications according to herdirections, and, by the time-she was relieved, a sort of intimacy was already formed between as, I, for my part, had learned from the manner in which she hore this attack, that she was a firm patient woman; patient under physical pain, though sometimes, perhaps, excitable under long mental canker) and she, from the good will with which I succored her, discovered that she could influence my sympathics (such as they were). She sent for me the next day; for five or axis successive days she claimed my company. Closer acquaintance, while it developed both faults and eccentricities, opened at the same time, a view of character I could respect. Stern and even morose as she sometimes could respect. Stern and even morose as she somet was, I could wait on her and sit beside her with calm which always blesses us when we are sensible that calin which slways blessee us when we are sensite that our manuers, presence, contact, please and soothe the persons we serve. Even when she scolded me—which she did now and then very tartly—it was in such a way as did not humiliate, and left no sting: it was rather like an irascible mother rating her daughter, than a harsh mistress lecturing a dependent; lecture, indeed, she she could not, though she could occasionally storm. Mercover, a vein of reason ever ran through her passion the was logical even when fierce. Ere long a growing sense of sitachment began to present the thought of staying with her as companion in quite a new light; is another week I had agreed to remain.

Two hot, close rooms thus became my world; and a appled old woman, my mistress, my friend, my all, er service was my duty—her pain, my suffering—her her service was my duty—her pain, my suffering—her relief, my hope—her anger, my punishment—her regard, my reward, i forgot that here were fields, woo is, rivers, seas, an ever-changing sky outside the steam dinamed lattice of this sick chamber; I was almost content to forget it. All within me became narrowed to my iot. Tame and still by habit, disciplined by destiny, I demanded no walks in the fresh art; my appente needed no more than the tiny messes served for the invalid. In addition she gave me the originality of her character to study; the steadiness of her virtues, I will add the power of her passions to admire, the truth of her feelings to trust. All these things she had, and for these things I clung to her.

For these things I would have crawled on with her for twenty years, if for twenty years longer her life of en-

For these things I would have crawled on with her for twenty years, it for twenty years longer her life of endurance had been protracted. But another decree was written. It seemed I must be stimulated into action. I must be gooded, driven, stung forced to energy. My title morrel of human affection, which I prized as if it were a solid pearl, must melt in my fingers and slip thence like a dissolving hallstone. My small adopted dety must be snatched from my easily contented conscience. I had wanted to compromise with Fate: to escape occasional great agonies by submitting to a whole affe of privation and small pains. Fate would not so be pacified; nor would Providence sanction this shrinking sloth and cowardly indolence.

One February night—I remember it well—there came

sloth and cowardly indolence.

One February night—I remember it well—there came a voice near Miss Marchmont's house, heard by every inmate, but translated, perhaps, only by one. After a calm winter, storms were ushering in the spring. I had put Miss Marchmont to bed; I sat at the fireside sewing. The wind was wailing at the windows; if had walled all day; but, as night deepened, it took a new 2008—an accept keep, piercing, almost articulate to the

ear; a plaint, pitcous and disconsolate to the nerves, trilled in every gust.

Oh, hush I hush !" I said in my disturbed mind, dropping ny work, and making a valu effort to stop my ears against that subtle, searching cry. I had heard that very voice ere this, and compulsory observation had forced on me a theory as to what it boded. Three times in the course of my life events had taught me that these mange accents in the storm—this restless, hopeless cry—denote a coming state of the atmosphere unpropitions to life. Epidemic diseases, I believed, were often heralfied by a gasping, sobbing forms ned, long-lamenting east wind. Hence, I interred, arose the legend of the Benshee. I fancied too, I had noticed—but was not philosopher enough to know whether there was any connection between the circumstances—that we often at philosopher enough to know whether there was any connection between the circumstances—that we often at the same time hear of disturbed volcanic action in distant parts of the world; of rivers suddenly rushing above their banks; and of strange high tides flowing furiously in on low sea coasts. "Our globe," I had said to myself, "seems at such periods torn and disordered; the feeble among us wither in her distempered breath, rushing hot from steaming volcances."

I listened, and trembled; Miss Marchmont slept.

About midnight, the storm in one half hour fell to a dead calm. The fire, which had been burning dead, glowed up vividly. I felt the air change, and become keen. Raising blind and curtain, I looked out, and saw in the stars the keen sparkle of a sharp frost.

Turning away, the object that met my eyes was Miss Marchmont awake, lifting her head from the pillow, and regarding me with unusual earnestness.

Marchmont awake, lifting her head from the pullow, and regarding me with unusual earnestness.

Is it a fine night? she saked.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I thought so," she said; "for I feel so strong, so well. Raise me. I feel young to night," she continued; "young, light-hearted, and happy. What if my complaint be about to take a turn, and I am yet destined to have beautiful to the should be a minched."

positive to take a train, and yet an enjoy health? It would be a miracle!"

"And these are not the days of miracles," I thought to myself, and wondered to heir her talk so. She went on directing her conversation to the past, and seeming to recall its incidents, scenes and personages with sin-

gular vividness.
"I love Memory to night," she said: "I prize her as
"I love Memory to night," she said: "I prize her as "Hove Memory to night," she said: "I prize her as my best friend. She is just now giving me a deep delight; she is bringing back to my heart, in warm and heatiful life, realines—not mere empty ideas—but what were once realities, and that I mg have thought decayed, dissolved mixed in with grave mould. I possess just now the hours, the thoughts, the hopes of my youth. I renew the love of my lite—its only love—almost its only affection; for I am not a particularly good woman: I am not amiable. Yet I have had my feelings, strong and concentrated; and these feelings had their object; which, in its single self, was dear to me, as, to the majority of men and women, are all the unnumbered points on which they dissipate their regard. While I loved, and while I was loved, what an existence I enjoyed! What a glorious year I can recall—how bright it comes back while I was loved, what an existence I enjoyed! What a glorious year I can recall—how bright it comes back o me! What a living spring—what a warm, glad summer—what soft moonlight, silvering the autumn evenings—what strength of hope under the ice-bound waters and frost-hoar fields of that year's winter! Through that year my heart lived with Frank's heart. O my noble Frank—my faithful Frank—my good Frank! so much better than myself—his standard in all things so much bigher! This I can now see and say—iffew women have suffered as I did in his lors, few have enjoyed what I did in his love. It was a far better kind of love than common: I had no doubts about it or him; it was such a love as honored, protected, and elevated, no less than it gladdened her to whom it was given. Let me now ask, just at this moment, when my mind is so strangely clear—let me reflect why it was taken from me? For what crime was I condemned, after twelve months of bliss, to undergo thirty years of sorrow."

crime was I condemned, after twelve months of blias, to undergo thirty years of sorrow?"

"I do not know," she continued, after a pause; "I cannot—cannot see the reason; yet at this hour I can say with sincerity, what I never tried to say before—Inscrutable G.d. Thy will be done! And at this moment I can believe that death will restore me to Frank I never believed it till now."

"He is dead, then?" I inquired in a low voice.

"He is dead, then?" I inquired in a low voice.

"My dear girl," she said, "one happy Christmas Eve I dressed and decorated myself, expecting my lover, very soon to be my husband, would come that night to visit me. I sat down to wait. Once more I see that moment—I see the snow-twilight stealing through the window over which the curtain was not dropped, for I designed to watch him ride up the white walk, I see and feel the soft firelight warming me, playing on my silk dress, and fiftully showing me my own figure in a glars. I see the moon of a calm winter night, doat full, clear and cold, over the linky mass of shrubbery, and clear and cold, over the inky mass of shrubbery, and the silvered turf of my grounds. I wait, with some impatience in my pulse, but no doubt in my breast. The demes had died in the fire, but it was a bright mass yet; the moon was mounting high, but the was still visible from the lattice; the clock neared ten; he rarely tarried later than this, but once or twice he had been delayed so

"Would he for once fail me? No-not even for inwardly, listening gladly, yet anxiously, to his proaching gallop, 'you shall be rebuked for this: I preaching gallop, 'you shall be rebuked for thu: I will tell you it is my neck you are putting in peril; for whatever is yours, is, in a dearer and tenderer sense, mine.'
There he was: I saw him; but I thi, it tears were in my
eyes my sight was so confused. I saw the horse; I
heard it stamp—I saw at least a mass; I heard a clamor.
Was it a horse: or what heavy, dragging thing was it,
crossing, strangely dark, the lawn? How could I same
that thing in the moonlight before me? or how could I
utter the feeling which rose in my soul?
"I could only un out. A great animal—'truly Frank's

"I could only un out. A great suimal—truly, Frank's black horse—stood trembling, panting, anorting before the door; a man held it: Frank, as I thought it.

the door; a man held it: Frank, as I thought it.

"What is the matter? I demanded. Thomas, my own servont, answered by saying sharply. 'Go into the house, madam.' And then calling to another servant who came burrying from the kinchen as if a unmoned by some instinct, 'Ruth, take missis into the house directly.' But I was kneeling down in the snow, beside something that lay there—something that I had seen dragged along the ground—something that sighed, that groaned on my breast, as I lifted and drew it to me. He was not dead; he was not quite uncenscious. I had him carried in; I refused to be ordered about and thrust from him. I was quite collected enough, not only to be my own mistress, but the mistress of others. They had begun by trying to treat me like a child, as they always do with people struck by God's hand; but I gave place to none people struck by God's hand; but I gave place to none except the surgeon; and when he had done what he could, I took my dying Frank to myself. He had strength to fold me in his arms; he had power to speak could, I took my odyng rham and power to speak my name; he heard me as I prayed over him very softly; he felt me as I tenderly and fondly comforted him.

"Marta, he said, I am dying in Faradise." He spent his last breath in faithful words for me. When the dawn of Chrismas merning broke, my Frank was with God,

"And that," she went on, "happened thirty years ago. I have suffered rince. I doubt if I have made the best use of all my calamities. Soft, amisble natures they would have refined to saidtliness; of strong, evil spirits, they would have made demons; as for me, I have only been a woe-struck and selfash woman."

"You have done much good," I said; for she was noted for her fiberal almagiving.

"I have not withheld money, you mean, where it could assuage affliction. What of that? It cost me no effort or pang to give. But I think from this day I am about to enter a better frame of mind, to prepare myself or refinion with Frank. You see I still think of Frank more than of God; and unless it be counted that in thus

more than of God : and unless it be counted that in thus oving the creature so much, so long, and so exclusively, have not at least blasphened the Creator, small is my hance of salvation. What do you think, Lucy, of these I have not at least maspensed the creator, small is my chance of salvation. What do you think, Lucy, of these things t. He my chaplain and tell me." This question I could not answer: I had no words. It recented so if she thought I had answered it.

It seemed as if she thought I had answered it.

"Very right, my child. We should acknowledge God merciful, but not always for us comprehensible. We should accept our own lot, whatever it be, and try to render happy that of others. Skould we not: Well, to morrow I will begin by trying to make you happy. I will endeavor to do something for you, Lucy: something that will benefit you when I am dead. My head aches now with talking too much; still I am happy. Got obed. The clock strikes two. How late you sit up: or rather how late I, in my selfishness, keep you. But go now; have no more suxiety for me: I feel I shall rest well."

She composed herself as if to slumber. I, too, retired Sie composed nerset as it to statue it. It is not crite in a closet within her room. The night passed in quietness; quietly her doom must at last have come: peacefully and painlessly in the morning she was found without life, nearly cold, but all calm and undisturbed. Her previous excitement of spirits and change of mood had been the prelude of a fit; one stroke sufficed to sever the thread of an existence so long fretual to militarios.

Lucy has now the world all before her once more. And here commences the series of strange adventures, which are too improbable for decent fiction. With fifteen pounds in her purse, she makes her way to London, where she is an entire stranger. Arriving there on a wet February night, she goes to an inu, of which the address had been given to her, and after being snubbed by the waiters, at length makes friends with a staid old man-servant. from whom she learns that a vessel was about to sail for a certain port of the Continent. With no definite plan in view, she embarks in the vessel. There she meets with a bold, frivolous, intriguing boarding school damsel, Miss Ginevra Fanshawe, who, in the course of conversation, gives her some light as to the possibilities of Villette, the great capital of the great kingdom of Labassecour. This chance acquaintance, made on the deck of a packetship, forms an important element in the subsequent history. To make a long story short. Lucy goes to Villette, and blunders into the

identical school, where Miss Ginevra is "fin-

ishing her education." After this, we have

plain sailing in the narrative—the whole inter-

est turning on a few characters, who are made

to stand for a whole world of romantic adven-

The head of the school is Madame Beck, a personage, one would suppose, presenting scanty materials for a novel. But not so. Out of this unpromising subject, Currer Bell draws an infinite variety for the exercise of her soulpiercing pen. Her character is depicted with an acuteness and subtlety, rarely equaled in the creations of fiction. Its conception involves the nicest discrimination. She is thoroughly worldly, selfish, and heartless - but aiming at all sorts of respectable plausibilities -deeply religious, in her way-a model of propriety in her manners-engaging the esteem of all the authorized old standards in Villette-a pattern of a head of a young ladies school-incapable of deep emotion or daring wickednessbut gliding about with the velvety softness of a cat-gaining by cunning, intrigue, and feline caution, what she never could have achieved by the degree of culture or ability which she was lucky enough to possess. But the full length picture of this worthy is too good to be omitted:

omitted:

When stirred, Madame Beck sppeared a personage of a figure rather short and stout, yet still graceful in its own peculiar way; that is, with the grace resulting from proportion of parts. Her complexion was fresh and sanguine, not too rubicund; her eye blue and serene; her dark silk dress fitted her as a French seamstress alone can make a dress fit; she looked well, though a little bourgeoise; as bourgeoise, indeed, she was. I know not what of harmony pervaded her whole person; and yet her face offered contrast, too; its features were by no means such as are usually seen in conjunction with a complexion of such blended freshness and repose; their outline was stern; her forchead was high but narrow; it outhie was stern; her forenead was high out harrow; it expressed capacity and some benevolence, but no expense; nor did her peaceful yet watchful eye ever know the fire which is kindled in the heart or the softness which flows thence. Her mouth was hard—it could be a little grim; her lips were thin. For sensibility and genius, with all their tenderness and temerity, I felt comehow that madame would be the right sort of Minos in posticients.

somehow that madame would be the right sort of Minos in petticoats.

In the long run, I found that she was something else in petticoats too. Her name was Modeste Maria Beck, rice Kint; it ought to have been Ignacia. She was a charitable woman, and did a great deal of good. There never was a mistress whose rule was milder. I was told that she never once remonstrated with the intolerable Mrs. Sweeny, despite her tipsiness, disorder and general neglect; yet Mrs. Sweeny had to go the moment her departure became convenient. I was told, too, that neither masters not teachers were found fault with in that establishment; yet both masters and teachers were often changed; they vanished, and others filled their places, noneccould well explain how.

The establishment was both a pensionnat and an ex-

The establishment was both a pensionnat and an ex-renat; the externes or day-pupil exceeded one hun-red in number; the boarders were about a score. Madred in number; the boarders were about a score. As deme must have possessed high administrative powers; she ruled all these, together with four teachers, eight masters, six servants and three children, managing at the same time to perfection, the pupils' paronts and friends; and that without apparent effort; without bustiends; and that without apparent effort; without bustiends. thends; and that without apparent cludius excitement; le, fatigue, fever or any symptom of undue excitement; occupied she alwas was—busy, rarely. It is true that madame had her own system for managing and regularing this mass of machinery; and a very pretty system it was; the reader has seen a specimen of it, in that small affair of turning my pocket inside out, and reading my processing the symptomic of the control of the ny private memoranda. "Surveillance," --these were her watch words.

—these were her watch words.

Still madame knew what honesty was, and like i it—
that is, when it did not obtrude its clumsy scruples in
the way of her will and interest. She had a respect for
"Angletere," and as to "les Anglaises," she would have
the women of no other country about her own children

if she could help it.

Often in the evening, after she had been plotting and if she could help it.

Often in the evening, after she had been plotting and counter-plotting, spying and receiving the reports of spies all day, she would come up to my room—a trace of real weariness on her brow—and she would sit down and listen while the children said their little prayers to me in English—the Lord's Prayer, and the bymn beginning "Gentle Jesus," these little Catholics were permitted to repeat at my knee; and, when I had put them to bed, she would talk to me (I soon gained enough French to be able to understand and even answer her) about England and Englishwomen, and the reasons for what she was pleased to term their superior intelligence, and more real and reliable probity. Very good sense she often showed; very sound opinions she often broached; she seemed to know that keeping girls in discrustful restraint, in blind ignorance, and under a surveillance that left them no moment and no corner for retirement, was not the best way to make them grow up honest and modest wemen; but she averred that rulnous consequences would ensue if any other method were tried with continental children—they were so accustomed to constraint, that relaxation, however guarded, would be misunderstood and farally presumed on; she was sick, she would declare of the means she had to use, but use constraint, that reinxanon, however quarted, would be misunderstood and fatally presumed on; she was sick, she would declare, of the means she had to use, but use them she must; and after discoursing, often with dignity and del cacy, to me, she would move away on her "sculiers de sience," and glide ghout-like through the use, watching and spying everywhere peering through every key hole, listening behind every door.

After all madame's system was not bad—let me do her ustice. Nothing could be better than all her strangement for the physical well-being of her scholars. No minds were overtasked; the lessons were well distributed and made incomparably easy to the learner; there was a liberty of sinuscinent, and a provision for exercise which kept the girls healthy; the food was soundant and good; neither pale nor puny faces were any where to be seen in the Rue Fossette. She never grained where to be seen in the Rue Fossette. She never grudge a heliday; she allowed plenty of time for sleeping dressing, washing, esting; her method in all these ma ters was easy, therat, salutary, and rational, many an austere English school-mistress would do vastly well to imitate it—and I believe many would be glad to do so, if exacting English parents would let them.

As Madame Beck ruled by espionage, she of course had her staff of spies; she perfectly knew the quality of the tools she used, and while she would not scruple to hardle the dirtiest for a dirty occasion—dilnging this sort fr. m her like refuse rind, after the orange has been duly squeezed—I have known her fastidious in seeking pure metal for clean uses; and when once a bloodless and rustless instrument was found, she was careful of the rustices instrument was found, she was careful of the prize, keeping it in silk and cotton-wool. Yet woe be to that man or woman who relied on her one inch be youd the point where it was her interest to be trustwor thy; interest was the master-key of madame's nature—the mainspring of her motives—the alpha and omega of her life. I have seen her feelings appealed to, and I have smiled in half-pity, half-scorn at the appellants. None ever gained her ear through that channel, or execute her represent by that means. On the contrary None ever gained her ear through that channel, or swayed her purpose by that means. On the contrary, to attempt to touch her heart was the surest way to rouse her antipathy, and to make of her a secret foe. It proved to her that she had no heart to be touched; it reminded her where she was impotent and dead. Never was the distinction between charity and mercy better exemplified than in her. While devoid of sympathy she had a sufficiency of rational benevolence; she would give in the readiest manner to people she had nover seen—rather, however, to classes than to individuals. "Four less pauvres" she opened her purse freely—against the poor man, as a rule, she kept it closed. In philanthropic schemes, for the benefit of society at large, she took a cheerful part; no private sorrow tuchel her; no force or mass of suffering concentrated in one heart had power to pierce hers. Not the agony in Gethsmane, not the death on Calvary, could have wrung from her eyes one tear.

I say again, madame was a very great and very capa-I say again, maistine was a very great and very capa-ble woman. That school offered for her powers too lim-ited a sphere; she ought to have swayed a nation; she should have been the leader of a turbul-nt legislative assembly. Nobody could have brow-beaten her, none irritated her nerves, exhausted her patience, or over-reached her astuteness. In her own single person, she could have comprised the duties of a first minister and a superintendent of police. Wise, firm, faithless: sesuperintendent of police. Wise, firm, faithless; seeret, crafty, passionless; watchful and inscrutable te and insensate—withal perfectly dec-e could be desired !

Another original who finally fights himself into the good graces of Lucy Snowe is M. Paul Emanuel, professor of literature in the pensionate of Madame Beck. The progress from constant bickerings, first to friendship, and then to a more tender passion between him and Lucy is described with inimitable power. No single passage can give an idea of this grim, shaggy, fiery, vindictive, noble-minded and soft-hearted monster, and though we are tempted by numerous striking scenes in which he figures, we must leave our readers entirely in the dark as regards him. He is well worth the trouble of searching out. Nor can we make any allusion to the marvel-

lous reappearance of Master John Graham Bretton in the person of a popular Villette physician, who by a series of extraordinary events again meets the weird pet of his boyhood, now grown up into the charming Countess of Bassempière. We must let the curtain fall upon the denouement of the plot, which detached from the descriptive scenes that give it vitality, would be devoid of interest to our readers.

On the whole, Currer Bell will not lose or gain in reputation by this production. In astonishing power, in boldness, in originality, it does not come up to Jane Eyre. It often, however, exhibits a finer pathos, a more melting sweetness, and a truer vein of humanity. The tone of the work is more cheerful-it is less open to objection from moralists-while its insight into the folds and windings of the heart is no less remarkable than in that wonderful apocalypse of dark passion.

THE BOURBON PRINCE. 18me. pp. 202. Harper &

This little volume contains the History of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII. of France, condensed from the recent work of Beauchesne, and presenting a full view of the sufferings and death of the unfortunate child. The testimony in regard to the death of the Dauphin has been gathered with great care by Besuchesne, and will probably satisfy every intelligent reader, that this event took place, according to the general opinion on the subject. The narrative is one of exceeding interest, and will no doubt be eagerly read. especially in reference to the alleged claims of the Reverend Eleazar Williams. We subjoin the closing portion of the volume, which describes the particular

THE DAUPHIN'S DEATH.

The disease that was destroying the child, which was at first slow in its progress, began now to make more rapid strides. The prince bore up less and less against his increasing weakness. The fatal moment was approaching. THE DAUPHIN'S DEATH.

proaching.

It was thought necessary to inform the government of the danger of the prince. His guardians wrote upon the register which was daily submitted to the authorities, "The little Capet is unseel." No notice was taken of this statement. Next day it was thought necessary to repest it with more emphasis, and consequently they wrote, "The little Capet is dangerously ill." Sull there was no attention given to it, and lastly, there was added to the "dangerously ill," "There are fears of his life."

On the 6th of May, 1795, M. Dessault, an eminent surgen of Paris, was summoned by the government to

On the dangerousey ii.

On the 6th of May, 1795, M Dessault, an eminent surgeon of Paris, was summoned by the government to attend the prisoner. On his arrival at the tower, he examined the prince for a long time, and very carefully. He could get no answer from him, and did nothing for the patient that order some simple remedies. M Dessault did not express himself freely in regard to the prince's state before the officers in the tower, but afterward was less reserved. He did not hesitate to declare that he ought to have been sent for sooner. He was of opinion that the prince was affected, to a certain degree, with the same scrofulous disease that his brother had died of at Meudon; that the disease, however, had not made such progress as to be necessarily fatist; that none of the more severe symptoms had yet appeared. The true disease of which the child was prematurely dying was a wasting away, in consequence of confinement and grief. Dessault proposed that he should be immediately sent into the country, where, he hoped, with change of secue, fresh sir, good troatment, and great care, he might revive.

The next day, about nine o'clock, Dessault repeated The next day, about nine o'clock, Dessault repeated his visit to the prince. He did nothing more tash on the previous day, with the exception of ordering some simple application for his tumors. As he was about leaving, Gomin asked him if he should not try and make him walk out. Dessault replied, "How is it possible, when every step he takes gives him intense pain? It is true, he wants air, but it should be the air of the country."

try."

They had greet difficulty is prevailing upon the little patient to take his medicine. On the first day his resolution could not be broken, not withstanding that Gomin himself took, on two or three occasions, stull dose of the physic. He was at last induced, by repeated solicities.

the physic. He was at last induced, by repeated solicitations and entreaties, to take his medicine from Lasne, saying, as he did so. You have sworn that I shall take it; then I will Give it to me, I will take it. Ever afterward he received, without any objection, whatever was ordered him.

It was rumored that, in the treaty entered into between the Vendeans and the victoricus republic, a secret clause had been negotiated and ratified, to the effect that the young prince should be delivered up to the army and his friends of La Vende. The committees eagerly denounced the report as calumnious. There that the young prince should be delivered up to the army and his triends of La Vendé. The committees eagerly denounced the report as calumnious. There was no intention of delivering up the royal prisoner. Other rumors were busily circulated. Among others, that the prince was to be crowned King of Poland. These stories were the subject of general talk everywhere; and it began even to be beliaved in Paris that the prince had escaped from prison. On one occasion, the commander of the military post of the Temple in sisted upon secing the little Capet. "The National Guard," said he, "guard the Temple, and I want to know who it is we guard." Lasne and Gomin had no orders, and therefore could not comply with his demand. In spite of these runmors, which scated him as king on a throne in one place, and as the head of an army in another, the poor prince was in his prison, a sick child, whose life was fast ebbing away.

His weakness now became extreme. It gave him too much pain, and he was too feeble to walk. Lasne used to carry him out, however, upon the platform of the tower on every fine day.

On the battlement which flanked the platform, a hollow, like a basin, had been made by the constant dripping of the water for centuries. The sparrows used to come to drink, and bathe, and frolke in this basin, that was always filled with water. They had become very tame, and would allow the prince to approach them quite near. He got quite attached to them, and used to call them his birds. From the platform nothing could be seen but the sky. It can be conceived, then, what delight the prince took in the companionship of his constant little feathered friends, the sparrows.

His sister, the princess seemed to have a forewarning of the approaching fate of her brother, and was unceas-

His sister, the princess, seemed to have a forewarning of the approaching fate of her brother, and was unceas-ing in her inquiries of the guardians and officers about his health : but she could get, in return to her questions,

his health; but she could get, in recain to her questions, nothing but vague answers, which served to increase her leads and anguish. M. Hue, the old attendant of Louis XVL, schemed permission to go to the aid of the young prince, but was denied.

M. Dessault found he could definithing for the young prince. What was necessary, freedom of life and the pure air of heaven, refused. During M. Dessault's attendance for a fortolght, no benefit was received by the views. His weakness and practitation increased. The prince. His weakness and prestration increased. The child did not speak, but he expressed by his face and his getures, catching M. Desgault by the coat, or grasping his band, an overflowing gratitude for the coast act and gentle attentions of his good physician.

One day, as Dessault was going, the officer on duty remarked to him, "He is a dead child is he not?" "I fear so," replied Dessault; "but there are some, perhaps, who hope so."

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who hope so."

The commissary on duty on the 31st of May was a person by the name of Bellanger, who had been an artist. He brought with him his port-folio, and took pleasure in showing his sketches to the prince, who turned them over with evident marks of delight. "I would like," and Bellanger, "to add another sketch to my collection; but I will not do so, unless you like it." "What sketch!" asked the Dauphin. "Your face, It would sketch!" asked the Dauphin. "Your face, It would give no great pleasure to take it, if you are willing."
"Would give you great pleasure!" said the child, and
he smiled, and gave in his amiable manner, a silent

Bellanger drew the profile of the young king with a lend pencil; and it was from this portrait that, twenty years after, the bust of the prince was executed.

M. Dessault did not come any more; and, upon in-quiry it was found that he had died of typhus fever on the let of June. His sudden death had given rise to many rumors. By some it was said that he had passoned prince by means of a slow poison, and had afterward in poisoned himself by those who commanded the order. The character of Dessault was such as to

been poisoned himself by those who commanded the murder. The character of Dessault was such as to place him, in the opinion of those who knew him, beyond the suspicion of so dreadful a crime. Moreover, there was no medicine administered to the prince which was not first tasted by his guardians. On the other hand, it was rumored that M. Dessault had not recognized in his young patient in the tower the royal prince, and that he was poisoned by the authorities in consequence of having declared that he would make known the fact. M Dessault, however, who had been physician to the royal children, never doubted for a moment that his patient was the Dauphin.

In consequence of the death of Dessault, the Prince remained for six days without any medical attendant. His guardians were fearful of taking any step without orders. Finally, the Committee of Public Safety summoned M. Pelletan to continue the medical treatment of the young Caper. "I found him, 'saya M. Pelletan, "in such a sad state, that I determined to ask at once for some one to consult with, as I was unwilling to take upon my head the whole responsibility." Sent for at the last moment, and finding his patient in a hopeless condition, M. Pelletan could do nothing for the Prince. He was now beyond the reach of his art. He did, however, what he could to relieve him. He insisted on the removal of all the locks and keys, and the free opening of the windows. "If you can not," said M. Pelletan, in rather a loud and angry tone, "remove these locks, you can, at any rate, remove the child into another room." The Prince, aroused by the angry tone of the physician, made a sign to him to come to him. "Speak lower." rather a loud and angry tone, "remove these locks, you can, at any rate, remove the child into another room." The Prince, aroused by the angry tone of the physician, made a sign to him to come to him. "Speak lower," said the child; "I am afraid they will hear you up stairs, and I would not like them to know I am ill; it would give them so much pain." The child was carried in the arms of Gomin, into another room, which was a well aired chember, with a large window, with no iron bars, but with cheerful white curtains, through which the sky but with cheerful white curtains, through which the sky could be seen, and the rays of the sun pass. How greatcould be seen, and the rays of the sun pass. How great a change for the prince, who had been so long shut up in a dungeon! His expression was full of happiness and of gratitude. From eight o'clock at night, to eight o'clock in the morning, the child was, as usual, left to

On the morning of the 6th of June, Lasne was the first to reach his room. He applied the usual application to his wrist and knee, and gave him a spoonful of his medicine, which he took readily. Lasne, thinking him better, lifted him out of bed. When Pelletan, the physician, arrived, he felt the Prince's pulse, and did not pre-

scribe any thing more; he merely said to the child, "Do you like this room?" "Ob, yes, very much," answered the child, in a feeble voice.

About two o'clock Gomin came up with the Prince's dinner. He was accompanied by the new Commissary for the day, a man by the name of Hébert. The child child rose from his pillow, took a little soup, and then

laid himsetf down again, as if fatigued by the effort, while now and then he would put out his little hand to take some cherries he had put upon his bed. The Citizen Hebert, addressing himself to Gomia, said, where is your order for moving the young whalp? show it to me!"—"We have no order but that of the physician; he will tell you himself to morrow that it was necessary, and that he ordered it."—"How long is it since these saw bones have governed the Republie? You must get an order, you understand, from the Committee." When the child heard these harsh words, he dropped his cherries and covered up his hand.

On the next day M Dumangin, another physician, came to the tower to consult with M Pelletan, according to the request of the laster. They learned, os their arrival, that the little patient had had a fainting fit. They found him very weak, and evidently fast passing away. They could do nothing. They expressed their suprise and lodignation that the sick child was left slove during the night. They were, however, told that it was in securdance with the strict orders of the Government. The physicians immediately, in their bulletin insisted upon their patient being supplied with a nurse. The physicians, ordering a little sugar and water for their patient, in case he should be thirsty and desire a drink, took their leave, having no hope for the young Prince. M. Pelletan thought the child would not live past the next day. M Dumangin was of opinion that he would survive some days longer. It was agreed between them that on the next morning M Pelletan should visit their patient at 9 o'clock, and M Dumangin at 11.

In the evening, at supper-time, Gomin was agreeably surprised to find the Prince somewhat better. his com-

In the evening, at supper time, Gomin was agreeably surprised to find the Prince somewhat better, his comsurprised to find the Prince somewhat better his com-plexion seemed more clear, his eye brighter, and his voice somewhat stronger. "Is it you?" asked the child, with an expression of pleasure, as soon as his guardian entered. "You don't suffer so much?" said Gomin. "Not so much," answered the Prince. "It is," contin-ued his guardian, "owing to this room; there is plenty of light and air here, and the physicians have been here and cheered you up." The child remained quiet for a moment, then a tear rolled down his cheek, and he sobbed out, "Always alone! my mother is kept in the laber tower!"

in answered, "Yes, it is true, you are alone; it is very sad; but you are better here than where you were Gomin then informed him of one of the municipal offices who had often been on duty in the tower, having been ar-rested and put in prison. "I am sorry," said the prince, "is it here that he is?"—"Ne; at La Force." The prince, pausing for some time, then exclaimed, "I am sorry for him, for he is more miserable than we are; he deserves

him, for us have his misfortune."

At night, again, the sick child was, by the rules of the Temple, forced to remain all alone. Lasne again was the first to ascend in the morning to the young prince's quarters. Gemin was fearful of going first, lest he should find the child dead. The physicians arrived at the sppointed time. The little patient was sitting up when Pelletan arrived. The visit was a short one. The when Pelletan arrived. The visit was a short one—the prince, finding himself exhausted, soon asked to be put to b'd again. Lasne thought him better, but the report of the physician undeceived him. Dumangin, the other doctor, arrived at 11 o'clock, and found the child in bed, and, though be was much exhausted, he exhibited toward his physician a great deal of gratitude and kind feeling; he was by no means disposed to complain kind feeling; he was by no means disposed to complain or find fault. The joint balletin of the two doctors, issued at 11 o'clock, reported the patient in a very dan-

or find fault. The joint bulletin of the two doctors, issued at 11 o'clock, reported the patient in a very dangerous condition.

M. Domansin having left, Gomin took his place by the bedside of the Dauphin, but did not for a long time speak a word to hun, for lear of wearying him. However, at last Gomin remarked, "How unhappy I am to see you suffering."—"Console yourself," said the shid, "I shall not always suffer so." Gomin, who was a man of strong devotional feeling, kneeled by the prince's bedside and prayed earnestly. The child took his guardien's hand and pressed it to his lips.

Gomin, observing the child calm, motionless, and eilent, said to him, "I hope you are not suffering at present?"—"Oh, yes, I am suffering, but much less; the music is so sewest?

There was no music either in the tower or in the neighborhood; no noise from without at this moment reached the chamber where the young prince was dying. Gomin, surprised, asked him, "Where do you hear the music?" "Abaye?" "How long since?"—"Since you have been on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!" And the child raised his teable arm, and opened his large eyes lighted up with ecatacy. His poor guardian, not wishing to destroy this sweet and heavenly illusion, set himself to listen also with the plous desire of hearing what could not be heard.

After some moments of attention, the child started again, his eyes glatened, and he exclaimed in an inexpressible transport, "In the ridst of all the voices I heard my mother's!"

This word mother seemed, as it fell from the orphan's lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows ex-

ord mother seemed, as it fell from the orphan's

This word mother seemed, as it fell from the orphan as lips, to remove all his pain. His contracted brows expanded and his countenance brightened up with that ray of serenity which gives assurance of deliverance or victory. With his eye fixed upon a vision, his ear list-ening to the distant music of one of those concerts that human ear has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

homan car has never heard, there appeared to spring forth in his child's soul another existence.

An instent afterward, the brilliancy of his eye became exinguished, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and an expression of sinking showed itself upon his face.

Gomin observed him closely, and followed with an anxious eye every movement. His breathing was no longer painful; his eye alone seemed slowly to wander, looking from time to time toward the window.

Gomin asked him what it was he was looking at in that direction. The child looked at his guardian a moment, and although the question was repeated, he seemed not to understand it, and din not answer.

Lasne came up from below to relieve Gomin. The latter went out, his heart oppressed, but not more anxious than on the evening before, for he did not expect an immediate termination. Lasne took his seat near the bed; the Prince regarded him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy look. When he made a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he was, and if he wanted anything. The child said, "Do you think that my sister has heard the music! how happy it would have made her!" Lasne was unable to answer. The esser and penetrating look, full of anguish, of the dying child, darted toward the window. An exclamation of happiness escaped his lips; then, looking toward his guardian, he said, "I have one thing to tell you."

Lasne approached and took his hand; the little head of the prisoner fell upon his guardian's breast, who listened to him, but in voin. His last wards had been spoken. Lesne put his hand upon the heart of the child; the heart of Louis XVII had ceased to heat. It was a quar-ter past 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th day of June, 1795.

LECTURES OF LIFE AND HFALTH. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M.D. 12mo pp. 500. Phillips, Sampson & Co. A new work by this veteran physiologist and instructive writer cannot fail to attract the at-

tention of those who are interested in the study of the laws of life and physical well-being. This volume is marked by the same simplicity of statement, clearness of illustration and variety of facts which characterize his former productions. It contains the substance of the popular lectures, which the author has delivered with great success in various parts of the United States, as a missionary of health. Among the topics of which it treats, are the laws and mechanism of digestion, breathing and ventilation, the laws of the skin and bathing, how to prevent consumption, clothing and temperature, food and cookery, exercise and rest, and the right use of physicians. do not mean to imply that all Dr. Alcott's dogmas on these manifold themes are to be received as hygienic gospel-for he does not claim to be an oracle-but we are persuaded that no one can read his volume without gaining an increased knowledge of the conditions of physical health and enjoyment. His views in regard to the distetic use of fruits will meet with a more general assent than his counterblast against various other favorite viands and condiments.

FLEMENTS OF THE LAWS. By THOMAS L. SMITH.

This is a useful volume. It is from the pen of one of the late Judges of the Supreme Court of Indiana. Presenting the outlines of the system of civil and criminal laws in force in the United States and in the several States of the Union, it enables the reader to obtain a competent knowledge of his legal rights and privileges. The general principles of government and law are succinctly stated-technical terms are lucidly defined-and the usual processes of courts in the va rious kinds of actions are briefly and intelligibly de scribed. Without containing anything new to the professional student, the volume may be consulted to advantage by general readers, and especially those who wish to steer clear of legal perplexities.

A new edition of THEODORE PARKER'S DISCOURSE ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WESSTER' has been issued by B. B. Mussey & Co., in Boston, and is for sale by Francis & Co. Since the publication of the Phonographic Report, which has been widely circulated, the author has submitted the life and actions of Mr. Webster to a new examination. He has read all the criticisms on the first edition of his discourse. together with the most important eulogies of Mr. Webster that have appeared since his death, and has embodied the result in the present publication. The discourse is appropriately dedicated to the young men of America, for reasons which will appear in the following extract from the Introduction :
The two chief forms of American action are Business

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politica,—the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity, the Church and the Press,—the ecclesiastical and the literary form,—are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticising both by the Absolute Right; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate is the leading politicians, who represent those forces in their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

good.
It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men; for this

reason did I preach, and now again publish, this Dis-course on one of the most eminent Americans of our day,—that men may be warned of the evil in our Bus-ness and our State, and be guided to the Evenal leatice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the na-ture of things, and in the nature of man, and, if this na-tion continually violates that law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any truth, any justice, in my cosmed, I hope you will be guided thereby; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm, that Rightcousness exalteth a Nation, while Injustice is a reproach to any People.

BLACKWOOD" for March opens with a racy article on "Clube and Clubbists," defending the social value of the institution, though it cannot escape "without the average proportion of jolter heads, mis anthropes, and bores." The discussion of "Clube" suggests a philosophical episode on dancing. We have the following instructive remarks on the mysterion subject of the polks : "View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptie dance of Bacchus and Arisdne. Our mothers or grand mothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, a the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal-fronting him-linked to him-drawn to him-her head reclining on his shoulder, and be pe rusing her charms-executing the most ungraceful all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tom noddy? No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—on one side at least-with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we who have seen the feats of Egyptian Almas almost sur passed in British ball rooms, may be pardoned for ex pressing our conviction, that a little-nay, a good deal-more of feminine reserve than is presently practiced, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazner.

A new story called "John Rintoul, or the Fragment of the Wreck," commences with considerable power The Vegetable Kingdom," "Rambles in So Sclavonia," "A Trio of French Tourists," are readable articles and no mistake. "Peace and War," and "The Malt Tax" furnish the requisite variety in the way of solids - We notice that "Blackwood" corrects the error, which we pointed out in the January number, in regard to the free population of the Slave States in this country. (L. Scott & Co)

THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDEA." for February, continues the sketches of American society by M. Ampére, describing Buffalo, Lake Ontario, agara, Detroit, Chicago and Lake Michigan, M Ampere is of opinion that the expression "hell of waters" which Lord Byron applies to the cascade of Terni, is more appropriate to Niagara. He cannot but compli-ment the imagination of those who have found that the Falls of Niagara did not come up to what they had im agined. Different estaracts have been compared to Niagara, but it is comparing a lake to the ocean. M. Ampère remarks that he has seen a great many water falls in Switzerland, Scotland, Norway, and among the Pyrenees, but they are all lost and swallowed up in Niagara, as pigmies before a Titan. To him, the two greatest things in the world are the ruins of Thebes, smong the monuments raised by the hand of man, and Among other articles in this number, of interest to American readers, we find a copious abstract of Me ville's "Moby Dick," and a notice of Hawthorne's "Life of Franklin Pierce." Hawthorne is said to have revenged himself for removal from a subordinate office under the Whige, by writing the life of the Democrati candidate. Although he asserts that he has not been prompted by political motives, a slight tinge of bitter ness runs from one end to the other of his book. Hi language is marked by exaggeration, in strong contras with the facts which he relates. A petty resentment against the Whigs, continues the reviewer, seems to have been the leading motive of the biography.- This number fully sustains the character of the periodics for elaborate and spirited discussion, and for variety and completeness of information. (Sold by

" Consumption Curable," by J. M. Howk, MD. The author of this little work professes to have obtained a remedy which will arrest the progress of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, and o diseases of the throat and chest. His reasons for be lieving in its efficacy, and the mode of its application are here set forth in plain language. His sustained by his own personal experience in recover ing from incipient consumption, and by the testimo nisls of many others who have been benefited by the remedy. It can do no harm for invalids to read his remarkable statements, although it is not probable they will meet the approval of the "regular" faculty. Many suppose that it is better to die of consumption in the old fashioned way, than to be cured by any such uncanonical novelties, as are here presented.

STARTLING QUESTIONS," by Rev. J. C RYLE. A new work of practical divinity, by a straight forward, pungent, powerful British writer, who has recently made considerable sensation in the religious world. With a tinge of modern culture, his writings have a racy savor of the old Puritanic zeal and plain ness of speech. The present volume is highly charac teristic. Filled with the marrow of Calvinistic theology, it has nothing of the namby-pamby which often passes for preaching now a days. (12mo. pp. 376, R. Carter & Brothers )

CHRISTIAN TITLES," by STEPHEN H. Tyng, D.D. A work of practical devotion founded on the names applied in the Scriptures to the servants of Jesus Christ. It comprises two of the author's an qual series of daily familiar lectures in the sesson of Lent, delivered in the Chapel of St. George's Church in 1852 and 1853. They are here presented in the form of meditations, and are distinguished for elevation of devotional sentiment and simplicity and terseness of style. (12mo, pp. 356. R. Carter & Brothers.)

T" "AONES SOREL" is the title of a new novel by G. P. R. JANES, deriving its plot from incidepts in an exciting period of the French monarchy t exhibits the well-known skill of the author in blendng history with fiction in a spirited narrative. The volume is dedicated in flattering terms to Maunsell B Field, Esq., of this City. (8vo. pp. 147. Harper &

"THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW" for April evinces a good degree of editorial enterprise and skill The contributions are of too uniformly solid a character for popular reading, but a copious and excellent survey of recent literature in some measure relieves the prevailing heaviness of the number. (Colby &

The first volume of a new edition of LINGARD'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND," to be completed in thirteen volumes, is issued by Phillips, Sampson &

IT We have the third edition of " A Prac-TICAL TREATISE ON THE GRAPE VINE," by J. FISH

ALLEN, enlarged and revised, from C. M. Saxton.

"NICK OF THE WOODS," by R. M. BIRD, M.D. A new and revised edition of this lively picture of Kentuckian life is issued by Redfield.

> Danam not, complacent, thoughtless man That heaven of thee takes special care, Or swerves from its impartial plan To give thy lot a bester share.

For full a thousand millions more
The showers descend, the sunbea
On each far continental shore,
Each lonely, see-sequestered isle.

How vaster far the throng which saw Our earth, since dawned her primal day, Which ditted through the gates of awe, In all the ages part away!

Dost deem thyself th' important one? So thought each shadow gone before: Each feit as, when its day was done, The earth and skies need stand no m

Then earth and sace
Then simply spend the fleeting years
That bear thee toward the waiting gloom,
Content to share, with all thy peers,
The common hope beyond the tomb.
[Lat. World.